

Appalachian Saturday

Melody floats against
a summer breeze,
a series of sharps
cuts the curse
of false modernism,
in a place which stands a sentry
for long, sunny Saturdays
and a leisurely p(l)ace.

Here, the weekend is
for poetry and wine,
for sipping time
in hills which bear the tales
of a million years.
Hills which know the
value of maybes in May.

Appalachia surrounds me
with blue grass notes
and a sweet tea smile.
I am home.

- Holly Michael

Boone, NC
May 28, 2016